



T H E

## *Unhappy Parting.*

A New SONG.

**M**Y Polly dear farewell, Jack cries,  
I must leave my blooming charmer,  
Unto the seas I must repair,  
And to different parts must wander,  
To meet the daring enemy,  
I am order'd for the ocean,  
Where cannons rattle night and day,  
And war is all in motion;

Those words sound dismal to my ear,  
My tender frame you have shaken,  
Suppose by some French privateer  
Your ship it should be taken;  
Unto joy and mirth I will bid adieu,  
The woods and groves I will wander,  
I shall take no peace ne ther night or day,  
All for my jolly sailor.

Why dwells that sorrow on thy brow?  
Dispel that gloomy notion,  
I soon shall sail with valiant Howe,  
For honour and promotion;  
For when those Monfi urs they once find  
That Englishmen are routed,  
They will soon be glad to change their mood,  
And yield to British courage.

My dearest dear, the damsel cry'd,  
As we must part from each other,  
When you are sailing on the briny tide,  
O don't forget your lover;  
Who true and constant always prov'd,  
O keep me in your notion,  
And think upon your Polly dear,  
While you are on the roaring ocean,

The ship was soon ordered for sea,  
With a fair wind she sailed,  
While this fair maid, with floods of tears,  
Her sailor thus bewailed;  
So long as the ship it was in sight  
They beckon'd to each other,  
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,  
Her grief she could not smother.